

MAY

No. 10

10¢

# SMASH COMICS



ESPIONAGE



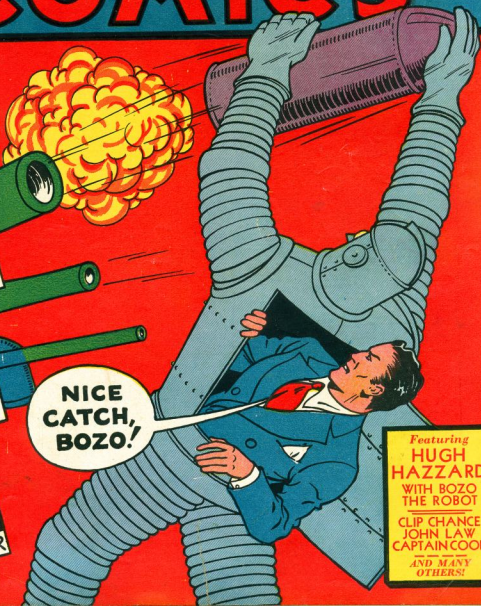
WINGS  
WENDALL



INVISIBLE  
JUSTICE



CHIC CARTER



NICE  
CATCH,  
BOZO!

Featuring  
**HUGH  
HAZZARD**  
WITH BOZO  
THE ROBOT  
CLIP CHANCE  
JOHN LAW  
CAPTAIN COOK  
AND MANY  
OTHERS!





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# ANNOUNCING

*The Sensational New Daisy*

1000-SHOT

RED RYDER

License by Stephen Slesinger Inc., New York

CARBINE

WALK CARBINE RING  
FOR SADDLE:  
TO HOLD  
CARBINE  
BY BARREL  
7% HOME!  
TO HANG  
CARBINE  
ON WALL!



PACKED IN THIS BIG HANDSOME CARTON

*out of the Golden West...*

RED RYDER brings YOU this beautiful  
New **GOLDEN-BANDED DAISY**

NOW READY—Daisy's brand-new, big, 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE... the gun with the Golden Bands... the gun with the Carbine RING... the gun with RED RYDER'S name, picture, and horse "Thunder" branded into the stock... the NEW gun YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO GET! Picture yourself riding the range with this husky RED RYDER CARBINE loaded in your saddle then that authentic Carbine RING... loading her up with 1000 shots in just 20 seconds... drawing a bead through the Adjustable DOUBLE-NOTCH Rear Sight, "BANG! BANG! BANG!" as fast as you can work the CARBINE COCKING LEVER... up to ONE THOUSAND SHOTS without once re-loading! Boy, what FUN! What a gun! A Carbine... a REAL Western Carbine. The kind you'll use in Western Movies and on the range. Fred Harman (famous cowboy-artist who draws the exciting RED RYDER comic strip) used to fork a broom and carry a Carbine "way out West himself—and Fred helped Daisy design this new, buzzsaw-like RED RYDER CARBINE. So, it looks real. It feels real. And shoots with a snarling Carbine BANG! How happy you'll be with this beautiful, Genuinely Western RED RYDER CARBINE! Dash down now to your nearest hardware, sporting goods or department store—and BUY IT! Hooray-to-Goodness! This big, new, 1000-SHOT RED RYDER CARBINE costs you only \$2.95! If your Dealer is sold out (or there's no Daisy Dealer near you) send the \$2.95 direct to us and we'll rush your RED RYDER CARBINE to you POSTPAID!

\$2.95



**500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE**

*The Popular*

This is Daisy's original 160-shot Carbine, featuring Lightning-Loader Invention and Adjustable DOUBLE-NOTCH REAR SIGHT. If you can't afford the

brand-new feature-crammed RED RYDER 1000-SHOT CARBINE at \$2.95—then get this 500-shot beauty for \$2.50 at Dealers or direct. (Only sold in Canada.)

USE DAISY BULL'S EYE SHOT BIG JUMBO TARGET



Buy genuine Daisy's new "CHAMPION-BURKIN" oval Bull's Eye Shot—for accurate shooting in Daisy and King Air Rifles. It's BEST. At your Dealer's.

MY NEW LIGHTNING-LOADER REPEATER  
HAS A HEAP'O NEW FEATURES!  
**LOOK 'EM OVER!**

- ★ **CARBINE RING**... the only air rifle in the world with genuine Western Style Carbine Ring engraved in jacket!
- ★ **1000-SHOT**... The first 1000-shot repeating Carbine in air rifle history!
- ★ **GOLDEN BANDS**... the first and only Daisy with Golden Bands... on muzzle and hand-hold... symbolizing "The Golden West!"
- ★ **RED RYDER BRANDED STOCK**... Red Ryder's official signature, picture, and horse "Thunder" are all branded into Carbine Stock!
- ★ **LIGHTNING-LOADER**... the only 1000-Shot Daisy with Lightning-Loader Invention!
- ★ **LONGER BARREL**... Red Ryder Carbine barrel is 3 inches longer than Daisy's original 500 shot Lightning-Loader Carbine!
- ★ **FULL-LENGTH HAND-HOLD**... long, super-husky, semi-curved authentic Carbine Hand-Hold.
- ★ **COCKING LEVER**... Authoritative Carbine LEVER as used on Western Carbines.
- ★ **FINISH**... Patented Grip Stock and hand-hold in rich walnut finish. Metal parts bleed, Bends, golden-colored.
- ★ **IT'S A DAISY**... Guaranteed genuine Daisy Quality and Performance! Only sold in Canada.

IT'S REALLY YOURS  
for only **\$2.95**

LITTLE DOLLAR  
AND POUNDS  
SHOULD  
SMILE

DAISY  
AIR RIFLES

**FREE CATALOG**

Just send Pictures All Dealers from \$1 to \$5. (Only)

**DAISY AIR RIFLES**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 495 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SECRET AGENT

# ESPIONAGE

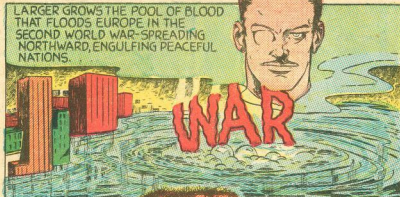
STARRING THE BLACK X

THE EVENTS HEREIN PORTRAYED ARE

BASED ON NEWSPAPER REPORTS.



LARGER GROWS THE POOL OF BLOOD  
THAT FLOODS EUROPE IN THE  
SECOND WORLD WAR-SPREADING  
NORTHWARD, ENGULFING PEACEFUL  
NATIONS.



IN RUSSIA, A HOARSE VOICE  
BELLOWS...

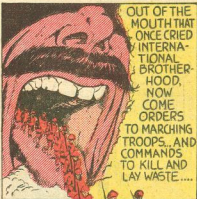
WE MUST DEFEND  
OURSELVES FROM  
FINLAND!



AND THE BEAR THAT  
WALKS LIKE A  
MAN HURLS ITS  
MIGHT ON THE TINY  
DEMOCRACY.



OUT OF THE  
MOUTH THAT  
ONCE CRIED  
INTERNATIONAL  
BROTHER-  
HOOD,  
NOW  
COME  
ORDERS  
TO MARCHING  
TROOPS... AND  
COMMANDS  
TO KILL AND  
LAY WASTE....



IN AMERICA, DEEP INTEREST AND  
SYMPATHY SPREADS FOR THE  
LITTLE DEMOCRACY...

BUT WITH VALOR, THE  
FINNS DEFEND THEIR  
HOMES...



MONEY ARMS GATHER AT ALL  
PORTS FOR SHIPMENT TO  
FINLAND...





AN EXCELLENT SITUATION FOR US SPIES, EH, COMMISSIONER CARREL? WILL YOU JOIN US?



YOU SEE, AS COMMISSIONER OF FINNISH AID, YOU CAN SUPPLY US WITH THE PLACE AND DATE OF SHIPMENT... WE'LL SELL THE INFORMATION TO RUSSIA FOR A GOOD PRICE!



I ADVISE YOU TO THINK IT OVER, MY FRIEND... THINK IT OVER CAREFULLY!



AND I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE THIS COUNTRY AS SOON AS YOU CAN... GOOD DAY!



AXEL, WE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN!



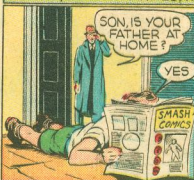
AT HIS HOME, COMMISSIONER CARREL PHONES BLACK X BY SECRET WIRE.



THE WORLD FAMOUS SECRET AGENT LEAVES IMMEDIATELY!



SHORTLY, BLACK X ARRIVES...



SAY... YOU'RE BLACK X, AREN'T YA? I FOLLOW YOUR ADVENTURES IN SMASH COMICS EVERY MONTH!



COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT YOUR NEXT ADVENTURE IS?



AH! THERE YOU ARE, BLACK X... RUN UP TO BED TOMMY.





BLACK X, I'VE HERE A COMPLETE SCHEDULE OF THE PROPOSED ARMS EXPORTS TO FINLAND!



WHEW! THAT'S DYNAMITE! WHY EVERY SPY IN THE COUNTRY IS AFTER IT!

EXACTLY! AND HERE IT-WHY THIS IS A FORGED COPY!!



HEY YOU MEN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY DADDY'S ROOM?



SHUT THAT KID UP! HURRY UP WITH WHAT YA GOTTA DO. THE BOAT LEAVES FOR FINLAND, TONIGHT!



TO PLAY SAFE, WE'LL TAKE THE KID WITH US!



CLEVERLY, TOMMY SCRATCHES THE WORD "FINLAND" ON THE COVER OF HIS COMIC MAGAZINE.

BLACK X, THIS FORGERY IS THE WORK OF... YOU'LL NEVER SAY IT, PAL!



A CAR OUTSIDE!



IN AN INSTANT BLACK X IS OUTSIDE, BUT TOO LATE. THE CAR SPEEDS INTO THE NIGHT.



HELLLO, WHAT'S THIS? TOMMY'S COMIC MAGAZINE "FINLAND" SCRATCHED ON THE COVER! SMART LAD, TOMMY!



AT HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON, BUT DON'T YOU SEE, CHIEF... IF THOSE SPIES SELL THOSE SCHEDULES TO RUSSIA, WE'LL HAVE A REIGN OF SABOTAGE UNMATCHED IN HISTORY!



VERY WELL, BLACK X, BUT REMEMBER, YOU'LL GET NO OFFICIAL AID!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER AN OLD MAN HOBBLING UP THE GANG-PLANK OF THE FINLAND-BOUND LINER, DOENA.



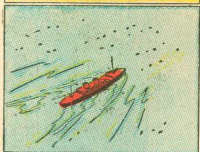
BOY--- I WANT A STATEROOM, WHERE I'LL NOT BE DISTURBED!



YES SIR!



THUS, WITH A STRANGE CARGO, THE SHIP STEAMS OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOUR AND HEADS TOWARD THE WAR ZONE....



IN A CABIN, FIGURES SIT HUDDLED OVER A PORTABLE RADIO SET....

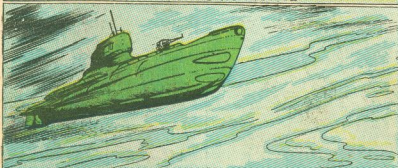


YOU'RE TELLING A U-BOAT OUR POSITION SO IT CAN SINK US! YOU....

KEEP YER TRAP SHUT, KID, OR I'LL SLUG YA!



FOLLOWING CLOSELY, BEHIND, LIKE AN IRON MONSTER OF THE SEA, THE ENEMY U-BOAT AWAILS ITS CHANCE!

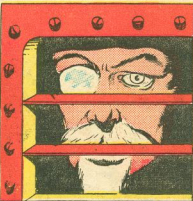


AGENT D-4 SAYS TO ATTACK NOW!

GOOD! FULL SPEED AHEAD!



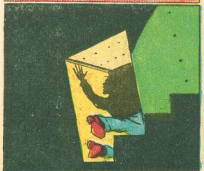
WHILE ON THE SHIP AN OLD MAN PAUSES OUTSIDE THE CABIN WHERE THE BOY IS HELD....



I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!



SUDDENLY THE OLD MAN SPRINGS WITH AMAZING SPEED!



HERE'S ONE FOR THE MURDER OF CARREL!

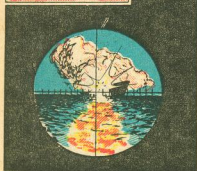


AND ANOTHER FOR TOMMY'S ABDUCTION!





AT THIS MOMENT THE SUB FIRES ITS FIRST TORPEDO-

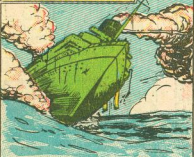


ON THE SHIP...



THE TORPEDO BLAST SENDS BLACK X REELING AGAINST A DOOR. HE FALLS.

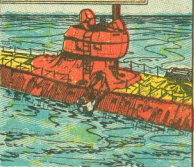
A FEW MINUTES LATER AGENT D-4 DIVES OVERBOARD WITH TOMMY IN HIS ARMS.



ON BOARD, BLACK X RECOVERS...



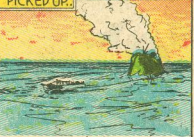
THE SPY AND TOMMY ARE PICKED UP BY THE ENEMY SUB.



INSIDE THE SUB.



THE U-BOAT SUBMERGES, LEAVING THE WRECK... UNDER BLACK X'S COMMAND, A MOTOR LAUNCH IS SAVED AND SURVIVORS ARE PICKED UP.



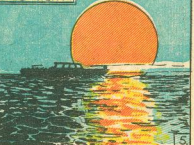
LOADED TO THE GUNWALS WITH FRANTIC PASSENGERS, PANIC BREAKS OUT.



BLACK X RISES IN THE STERN...



COWED BY HIS EVEN VOICE, THE SURVIVORS QUIET DOWN, AND THE LAUNCH CHUGS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT...









MEANWHILE, CHUGGING ALONG THE BORDER, A NORTHBOUND TRAIN STRUGGLES UP A STEEP GRADE.



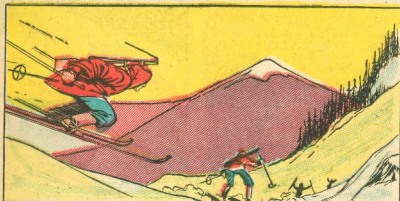
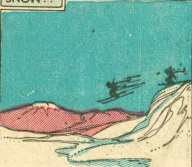
TWO PASSENGERS SIT IN DEEP THOUGHT.

THIS KID'LL SERVE AS A GOOD HOSTAGE 'TILL WE REACH MURMANSK. THEN I'LL KILL HIM!



GEE, I HOPE BLACK X GOT MY CLUES!

MILES AWAY THE PATROL RACES MADLY OVER THE HARD PACKED SNOW!!



THEY ARE SIGHTED BY A RUSSIAN DETACHMENT!



THE FINNS GIVE BATTLE.

BAH! THERE ARE A HUNDRED OF THEM, AND THEY HAVE A POWER SLED!



AN ARMORED TANK ON SKIS! WE CAN HOLD THEM OFF!

BUT THAT'LL MEAN HOURS OF DELAY. WE MUST MEET THAT TRAIN. I'LL STOP THEM WITH A SNOWBALL!

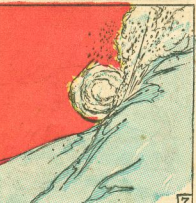


HA, HA! GOOD JOKE!

THE RUSSIANS SWARM UP THE HILL.



ON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE BATTLE, BLACK X STARTS HIS 'SNOWBALL' DOWN THE HILL...





WITH THE FORCE OF A SPEEDING EXPRESS, THE SNOWBALL SMASHES INTO THEIR MIDST, BREAKING UP THEIR ATTACK!



ONCE AGAIN THE PATROL SKIMS ON ITS WAY. . .



AT LAST, AFTER HARD TRAVEL, THEY ARRIVE BUT A RUSSIAN CAMP GUARDS THE RAIL!



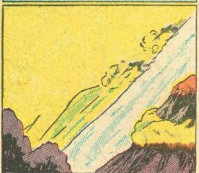
THEY OUT-NUMBER US! THEY ARE FEASTING, A KNUTE! SURPRISE ATTACK! WILL EVEN THE ODDS



LIKE ARROWS, THE FINNS ZOOM SILENTLY OVER THE SNOW. . .



AND FIRING AS THEY DESCEND, THEY SWOOP ON THE CAMP!



A RUSSIAN MACHINE GUN TEARS THEIR RANKS. . .



BUT THE FINNS BATTLE FIERCELY



THE CAMP FALLS..NOT EVEN ONE RUSSIAN SOLDIER SURVIVES!!



BRING THAT RUSSIAN FIELD CANNON HERE, QUICKLY..THE TRAIN IS COMING!

STOP THE TRAIN! IF YOU ATTEMPT TO RESIST, WE'LL OPEN FIRE WITH THIS FIELD CANNON!

I'M GOING ABOARD, KNUTE!

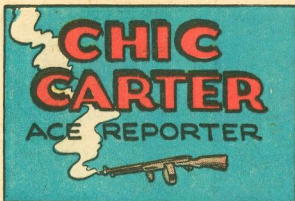


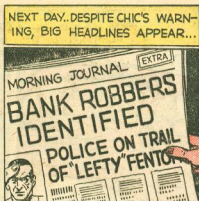


BLACK X SWINGS ABOARD.

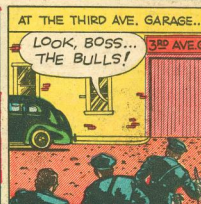
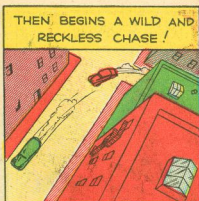


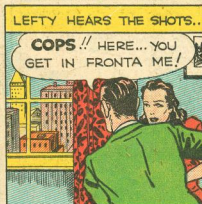






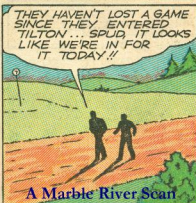








# CLIP CHANCE



AND IN  
THE  
CLIFFSIDE  
LOCKER-  
ROOM,  
JUST  
BEFORE  
THE GAME..

I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU BOYS HOW GOOD BEAN AND BARTNET ARE, BUT I'LL SAY THIS...YOU'LL HAVE TO BE ON YOUR TOES EVERY MINUTE IF YOU HAVE ANY THOUGHTS OF WINNING THIS GAME.... NOW, GO OUT AND FIGHT!!



CLIP IS THE LAST TO LEAVE THE DRESSING ROOM AND HE OVERHEARS....

BUT THE NOISE, SLUG!

DON'T WORRY... I GOT A SILENCER ON IT!



CLIP!! STEP ON IT!

OKAY, COACH...



"SILENCER"??... I GUESS I'M JUST LOOKING FOR TROUBLE...



THE GAME IS ON! THE FIRST MAN UP FOR TILTON STRIKES OUT....

STRIKE THREE!



THE SECOND MAN WALKS...



THE NEXT MAN UP SMASHES OUT A LONG, HIGH ONE...



BUT IS CAUGHT NAPPING...



CLIP PLAYING DEEP CENTER, LEAPS HIGH AND SNARES IT FOR THE THIRD OUT....



YA KNOW, SLUG.. I'LL HAFTA 'WING' THAT GUY IF HE KEEPS HITTIN' LIKE THAT!... I'M GONNA GET WHERE I CAN PICK THE TILTON GUYS OFF....





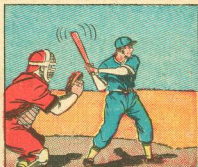
IN THE SIXTH INNING THE  
SCORE IS 0 TO 0... 2 ARE OUT  
AND CLIP IS AT BAT... HERE  
IS THE PITCH...



..HE LACES OUT A DOUBLE...



..THE NEXT CLIFFSIDE MAN  
UP HAS TWO STRIKES ON HIM..



BEAN, THE TILTON ACE,  
STARTS HIS WIND-UP...



..AND THE CLIFFSIDE MAN  
GOES DOWN SWIMMING... THE  
WINNING RUN LEFT ON  
SECOND BASE....



..AT THE SAME TIME SLUG  
IS PERCHED IN A TREE JUST  
PAST CENTER FIELD....



I HOPE I'M AS GOOD WITH  
THIS ROD AS I THINK I AM...  
I ONLY WANTA "PINK" HIM..  
AN' NOT BAD...



..BEAN LETS OUT A YELL  
AND FALLS!!



STAND BACK...  
GIVE HIM  
AIR!

H-H HE WAS  
SHOT!



C'MON...  
LET'S  
SCRAM,  
SLUG!

NIX!! THIS WAY  
WE WON'T BE  
SUSPECTED...

HMM...



ARREST  
THAT MAN,  
OFFICER... AND  
SEARCH HIM  
FOR A  
GUN!

SURE.. GO  
AHEAD... I  
AIN'T DONE  
NOTHIN'!



HE HASN'T  
ANY GUN, SO  
WE GOT  
NOTHIN'  
ON HIM!

HOLD HIM  
ANYWAY....  
I'LL BE  
RESPONSIBLE!  
..LET'S GET  
ON WITH THE  
GAME!!



IN THE EIGHTH, CLIP COMES TO BAT WITH TWO OUT AND SLAMS OUT A HOME RUN!

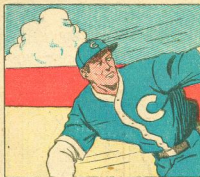


THE NEXT MAN UP IS THROWN OUT AT FIRST AND CLIFFSIDE LEADS, 1 TO 0....

TILTON IS AT BAT FOR THE LAST TIME...TWO ARE AWAY AND DICK ARNOLD IS SENT IN TO PINCH HIT...

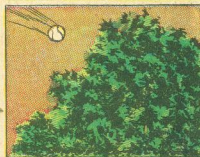


HE SENDS THE BALL DEEP INTO CENTER....



..CLIP RACES BACK... BACK!

..THE BALL FALLS INTO THE TREE WHERE SLUG HAD BEEN SITTING!



..ANXIOUSLY, CLIP WAITS FOR THE BALL TO DROP...



..IN ONE HAND CLIP CATCHES A GUN... IN THE OTHER, THE BALL... FOR THE THIRD OUT... AND CLIFFSIDE WINS.... 1 TO 0....



I'LL BET THIS IS THE GUN THAT GUY USED TO SHOOT BEAN!!



LATER...

COACH, I HEAR THAT BIRD CONFESSED AFTER THEY FOUND HIS FINGER-PRINTS ON THE GUN..



.. HE FIGURED THE GUN WOULD NEVER BE FOUND IN THAT TREE AND THEN HE'D GET IT AFTER DARK, TONIGHT... BUT THE BEST NEWS OF ALL IS, BEAN'S WOUND WON'T INTERFERE WITH HIS PITCHING!





# PHILPOT VEEP

IN THE  
EPISODE  
OF THE  
UNINVITED  
WEDDING GUEST

PHILPOT, I WISH  
YOU'D LET ME  
SOLVE A CASE  
ONCE IN AWHILE!

DO YOU,  
WALDO?

YES, I STUDIED  
YOUR METHODS AND  
I BELIEVE I'VE  
MASTERED THEM..

REALLY,  
WALDO?

THERE'S THE BELL!  
IF THIS IS A CLIENT,  
GIVE ME A CHANCE TO  
SOLVE THE PROBLEM!

RIGHTO

GOOD EVENING - I  
WOULD LIKE TO SEE  
MISTER. PHILPOT VEEP..

CERTAINLY-  
I DO HOPE  
YOUR PROBLEM  
IS COMPLEX!

PHILPOT, THIS LADY  
HAS A PROBLEM  
FOR ME!

VERY WELL,  
MADAM--  
PLEASE  
STATE  
YOUR CASE

IT'S MY HUSBAND'S STRANGE  
BEHAVIOR, GENTLEMEN! IT  
HAS ME VERY WORRIED...

-- HE INSISTS ON ATTENDING  
WEDDINGS -- HE RUSHES ALL  
OVER TOWN TO WEDDINGS --  
ANYBODY'S WEDDING!

WEDDINGS, EH? -- HMMM-  
TELL US, MADAM, HOW  
IS YOUR HUSBAND'S  
FINANCIAL  
STANDING?

VERY POOR,  
SIR-- VERY  
POOR INDEED

AH! I HAVE IT SOLVED  
ALREADY, PHILPOT--  
LISTEN, THE LADY'S  
HUSBAND IS TOO POOR--

-- TO EVEN BUY FOOD--  
SO HE GOES TO WEDDINGS  
AND SWEEPS UP THE RICE  
WHICH IS THROWN -- THEN  
HE BRINGS IT HOME  
AND THEY HAVE  
RICE PUDDING --  
VERY SIMPLE!

BUT HE NEVER  
BRINGS ANY  
RICE HOME!

OH--  
NO  
RICE?






# Flash FULTON

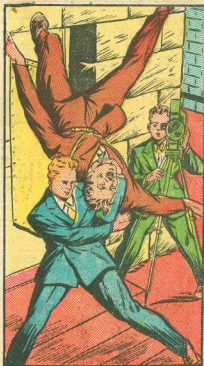
NEWSREEL ACE  
by PAUL GUSTAVSON



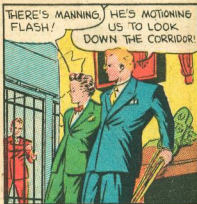
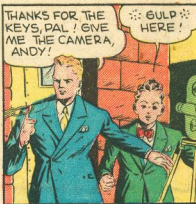
**TOM MANNING MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS**

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF TOM MANNING IS STILL A BAFFLING MYSTERY TO THE POLICE AS NO CLUES HAVE BEEN FOUND. IT IS SAID THAT THE YOUNG ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAD BEEN CONDUCTING AN INVESTIGATION OF COUNTY JAIL CONDITIONS.







AS FLASH LOOKS AROUND THE CORNER, HE SEES SEVERAL MEN GROUPED AROUND A TABLE PLAYING CARDS.



AIN'T THIS THE LIFE! THE FEDERAL MEN COULDN'T FIND US HERE IF THEY LOOKED ALL YEAR!



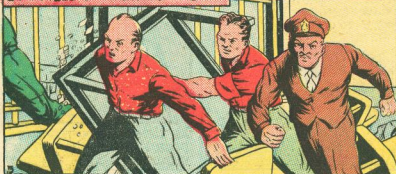
YOU SAID IT --- HEY, BOSS! ME EYES MUST BE GOING ON THE BLINK! THERE'S A GUY TAKIN' PICTURES OF US OVER THERE!



THAT'S RIGHT -- AND THEY'RE NOT BAD PICTURES EITHER!



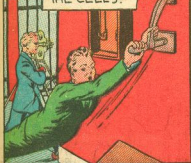
A MOMENT LATER .... A BEDLAM BREAKS OUT AS THE MEN SCRAMBLE UP FROM THE TABLE.



PULL THE MAIN CELL LOCK SWITCH AND OPEN EM UP! HURRY!!



QUICKLY, ANDY DIVES FOR THE LEVER WHICH OPENS THE CELLS!



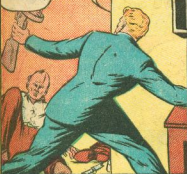
TAKE THE FILMS AND RUN FOR THE CAR! WELL, CAMERA—DO YOUR DUTY!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER...AND FLASH SENDS THE CAMERA CRASHING INTO THE THUGS.

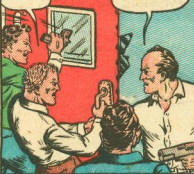


I CAN USE THIS 'TOMMY-GUN' BOYS!



HE'S LOCKED US IN!

BREAK TH' GLASS!!



AS FLASH NEARS THE FRONT GATE BULLETS START WHIZZING PAST HIM!

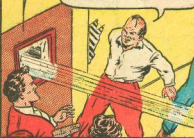


INSTANTLY HE TURNS AND OPENS UP THE MACHINE GUN!



LOOK OUT!

WE'RE SUNK! WITH THAT ASSISTANT D.A. OUT OF HERE THE FEDERAL MEN WILL BE HERE IN NO TIME!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE PRISONERS RELEASED BY ANDY CLOSE IN ON THE GANG OF GUNMEN!

YES—AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU STAY HERE UNTIL THEY GET HERE TOO! NOW, DROP THOSE GUNS!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER.....



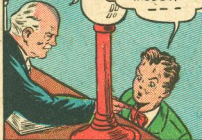
WELL, FLASH, THIS CITY IS PRETTY WELL CLEANED UP NOW! THERE'LL BE NO MORE 'FIXING' AROUND HERE!!

PUFF-PUFF!! SAY, MR. MANNING, I JUST GOT A PARKING TICKET! COULD YOU ---

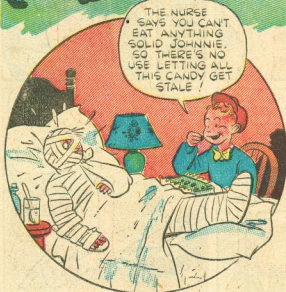
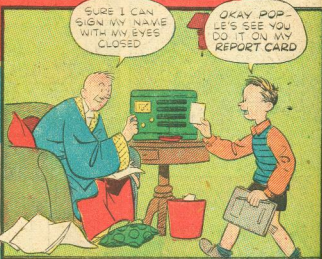
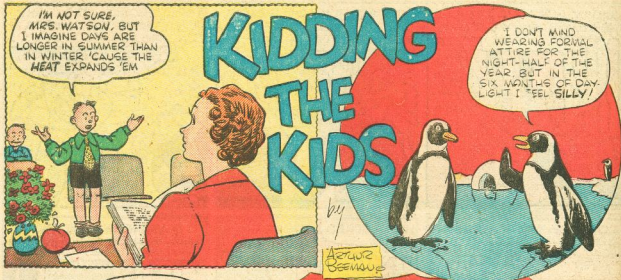


PARKING NEXT TO A FIRE HYDRANT, EH? \$10.00 FINE!!

GULP! B-BUT YOUR HONOR, I-I THOUGHT ---







Hugh Hazzard and his

# IRON MAN

FEATURING-  
BOZO THE ROBOT

BY WAYNE  
REID



FLASH!-AT THIS MOMENT, A GOVERNMENT AGENT IS SPEEDING THE SECRET ARMS PACT PAPERS TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON--



AND IN THE HOME OF HUGH HAZZARD, THE COUNTRY'S #1 CRIME BUSTER--

IF I DON'T MISS MY GUESS ONE OF THE WARRING NATIONS WILL TRY TO GET THOSE PAPERS--



**NOTE-**  
THE TELERADIO IS ABLE TO PICK UP A PICTURE AT ANY DISTANCE, AND SHOULD A CONVERSATION BE GOING ON, THE VOICE IS SEPARATED FROM THE PICTURE BY MEANS OF A SUPER-SUPERICONSOCOP, ENABLING HUGH TO HEAR AS WELL AS SEE WHAT IS GOING ON--

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE HIDE-OUT OF THE DARMANIAN SPY, HERR GETZER----

YOU HEAR THAT??-- WE MUST GET THOSE PAPERS AT ANY COST--



--AND IF THAT AGENT IS SPEEDING TO WASHINGTON HE'LL TAKE THE SHORTEST ROUTE--  
TAFT HIGHWAY--



I KNOW THE ROAD HE WILL TAKE, AND I WANT YOU AND HERMAN TO BRING THE PAPERS AND THE AGENT BACK--  
ALIVE!



I'LL TRY AND PICK HIM UP ON THE TELE-RADIO-- THAT WAY I CAN WATCH HIM--



SO FAR I SEE NOTHING BUT THE HIGHWAY--



HERE'S SOMETHING--  
A FELLOW AND  
A GIRL--







PEG, DARLING--  
I LOVE YOU--

AND I  
LOVE YOU,  
JOHNNY--

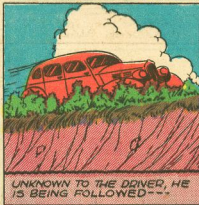
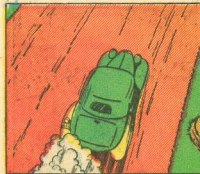


NOW, IF ALL THE WORLD  
LOVED AS THOSE TWO DO  
THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY  
WARS -- THERE'S  
A CAR! ---  
LICENSE  
NUMBER,  
G-12 ---



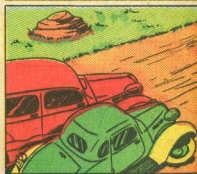
AND ONLY GOVERNMENT  
AGENTS, ARE GIVEN THE  
LETTER 'G' ON THEIR PLATES,  
I'LL WATCH THIS AWHILE --

THE CAR SPEEDS ALONG THE  
ROAD ---



UNKNOWN TO THE DRIVER, HE  
IS BEING FOLLOWED ---

SUDDENLY HIS CAR IS FORCED  
TO A STOP ---



GET OUT, AND  
COME WITH US--



SURE - BUT  
NOT WITHOUT  
A FIGHT!

SPLAT

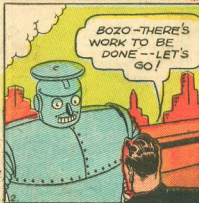


CRACK!

UGH!



I'VE SEEN  
ENOUGH--

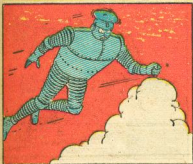


BOZO--THERE'S  
WORK TO BE  
DONE--LET'S  
GO!

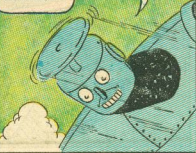
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, HUGH  
INSIDE THE ROBOT, IS OFF TO  
HELP THE GOVERNMENT AGENT



A FEW MINUTES LATER BOZO  
WATCHES THE SPY GANG DRIVE  
OFF WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS AGENT



I WON'T ATTACK THESE BIRDS--  
I'LL LET THEM LEAD ME TO  
THEIR  
LEADER--

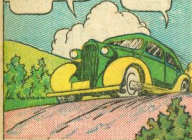


KIDNAPPING A  
GOVERNMENT MAN--  
THIS MUST BE 'BIG'  
STUFF--

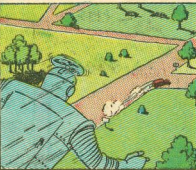


HERMAN--I FEEL  
LIKE WE ARE  
BEING FOLLOWED--  
I DON'T LIKE  
THIS!

IT'S YOUR  
NERVES,  
FRITZ--NO  
ONE SAW  
US--



SUDDENLY THE CAR TURNS  
INTO A SIDE ROAD---



..AND COMES TO A STOP--

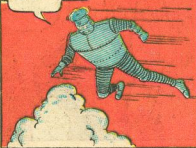


ALL RIGHT--  
GET OUT!--

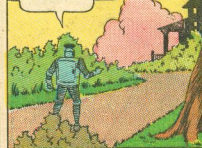


STRAIGHT AHEAD--  
AND NO MORE TRICKS,  
MR. AGENT--

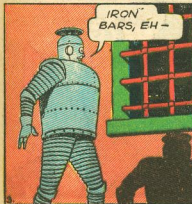
THEY'RE TAKING HIM IN  
THAT OLD HOUSE-- I'LL LAND  
HERE AND WALK THE  
REST OF THE  
WAY--



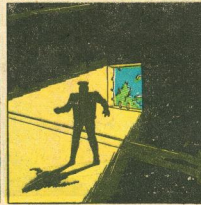
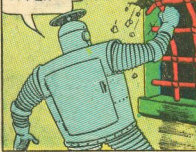
HMM--A  
DISMAL LOOKING  
PLACE--



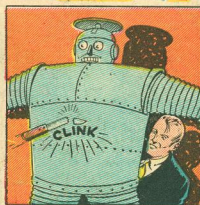
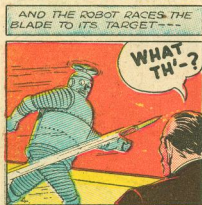
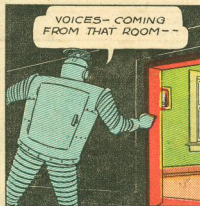
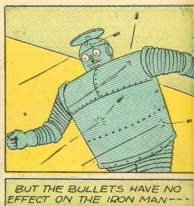
IRON  
BARS, EH--

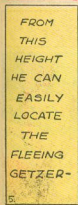
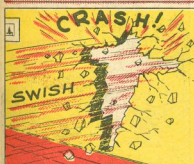
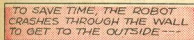
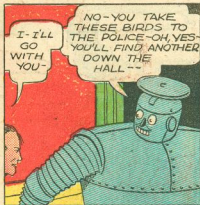
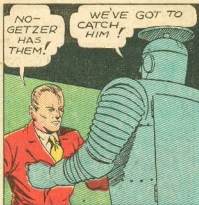
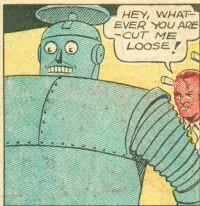
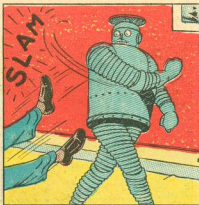


THEY MIGHT  
JUST AS WELL BE  
MADE OF  
PAPER--

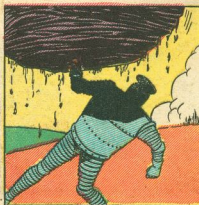
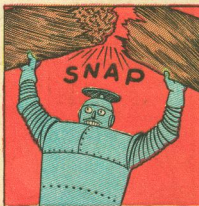
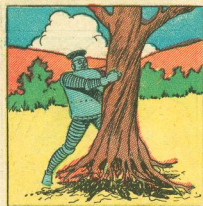
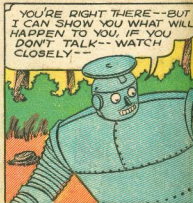
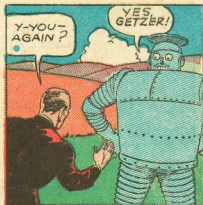


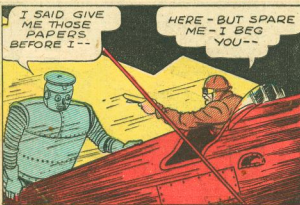
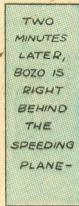
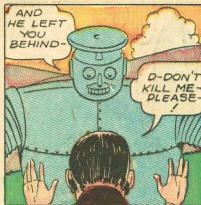














# Archie O'TOOLE

By Bud Thomas

TWAS THE NIGHT AFTER NEW YEARS AND NOT A SOUL WAS STIRRING. HERMAN AN VERMIN!



SUDDENLY THE SILENT CORRIDORS RESOUND WITH A LOUD CRY!



NEVER MIND YOUR PANTS, HERMAN! THAT SHOUT CAME FROM KING O'TOOLE'S ROOM!



GOOD EVENING, FELLERS! HOLD UP!

IT, HERM, (PUFF)...WHAT'S UP, KING ARCHIE? SHALL WE CALL OUT THE GUARDS?



NO, BOYS, I'VE JUST COMPLETED MY PLANS FOR A ROCKET SHIP!



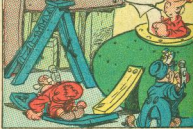
YEH AND I WAS DREAMING OF HEDY LAMARR!

WHAT'LL WE DO? HE'S THE KING. WE GOTTA HUMOR HIM, VERMIN.

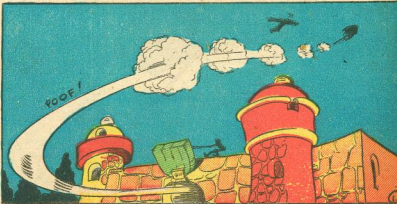
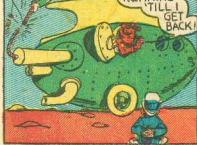


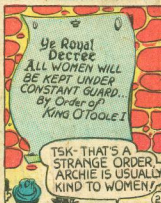
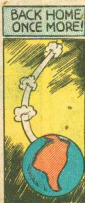
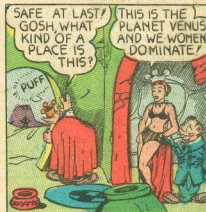
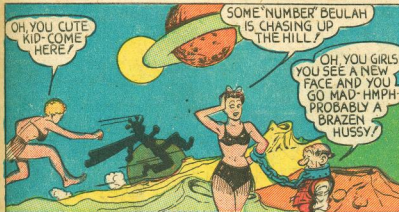
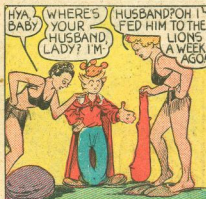
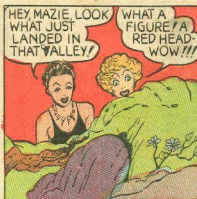
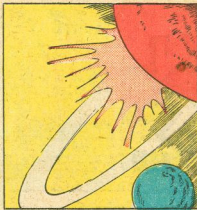
SO THE ROCKET SHIP IS BUILT.

WE'LL HAVE 6 CYLINDER FIRECRACKER MOTORS!



SO LONG, HERMAN! DON'T FORGET TO KEEP THE GOVERNMENT RUNNING 'TILL I GET BACK!







# CAPTAIN COOK

## OF SCOTLAND YARD

### "THE BAT MYSTERY"

FOR MONTHS A REIGN OF TERROR HAS BEEN FELT OVER A COUNTRYSIDE NEAR LONDON. A GIANT BAT HAS BEEN SEEN SWOOPING LOW OVER ROOFTOPS

IN EACH CASE A HOME IS ROBBED SHORTLY AFTER THE BAT SWOOPS OVER IT!!



THEN ONE DARK NIGHT THE BAT FLIES OVER GRAYSTONE MANOR - THE WEALTHIEST HOME IN THE COUNTRYSIDE...



H-HELLO...! SCOTLAND YARD? I'VE JUST SEEN THE BAT! YOU MUST HELP ME!



ONE HOUR LATER, CAPTAIN COOK AND THE CHIEF OF SCOTLAND YARD APPEAR AT GRAYSTONE MANOR...

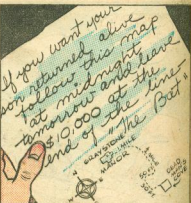
I SAW IT, GENTLEMEN!-- THE BAT FLEW OVER THIS HOUSE !!



THAT'S MY SON'S VOICE!  
HEL-P!  
HURRY! HE'S IN TROUBLE!



HE'S GONE!  
LOOK! HERE'S A NOTE!



LOOK-HE'S FAINTED... YOU STAY HERE WITH HIM WHILE I GET SOME WATER, CHIEF!!



I'LL BE RIGHT BACK...



COOK QUICKLY RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW, TO FIND THE CHIEF AND THE MAN WHO HAD FAINTED STANDING OVER HIM...

I WENT TO GET YOU A GLASS OF WATER, BUT SOMEONE STRUCK ME!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY SON'S KIDNAPER... THE BAT!



YOU MUST STAY HERE TONIGHT. I HAVE A FEELING I WON'T BE SAFE IF YOU GO BACK TO LONDON!

DON'T WORRY-- YOU'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH!



IF WE STAYED THERE TONIGHT NEITHER OF US WOULD LIVE TO SEE THE DAWN, COOK!

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT!



I'M GOING TO SOLVE THIS CASE, CHIEF-- I THINK THE BAT IS A HUMAN MADMAN!!



THE FOLLOWING DAY COOK TAKES A MYSTERIOUS PLANE RIDE...

FLY AT 5000 FEET-- I DON'T WANT THE PLANE TO BE TOO NOTICEABLE FROM BELOW--



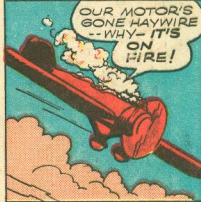
I CAN SEE WHAT I WANT THROUGH THESE GLASSES!



FLY OVER THAT CLUMP OF TREES-- OH- OH- SOMEONE'S SHINING A GLARING LIGHT AT US!!



OUR MOTOR'S GONE HAYWIRE -- WHY-- IT'S ON FIRE!



MAYBE I CAN PUT IT OUT WITH A POWER DIVE!



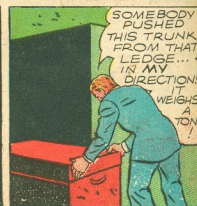
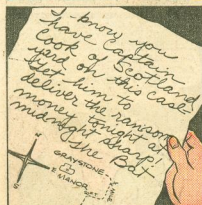
THE PILOT LOSES CONTROL. COOK JUMPS WITH A PARACHUTE, THEN THE PLANE CRASHES TO EARTH!



I THINK THIS WAS CAUSED BY THE BAT!







MIDNIGHT COMES--COOK PREPARES TO DELIVER THE RANSOM MONEY...

YOUR CHIEF RECEIVED AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL AND LEFT FOR SCOTLAND YARD TWENTY MINUTES AGO!



BE VERY CAREFUL TO FOLLOW THIS MAP TO DEAD MAN'S COVE--THEN TURN THIS MONEY OVER TO THE KIDNAPER!!



AFTER A HALF HOURS WALK COOK NEARS DEAD MAN'S COVE...

LET'S SEE--IT SAYS TO WALK 50 YARDS DIRECTLY NORTH!



THIS MUST BE DEAD MAN'S COVE---



THAT'S QUEER! I EXPECTED TO MEET THE BAT HERE!



DROP THAT MONEY!



ALL RIGHT, MR. GRAYSTONE.. YOU CHEAP CHISELER! I KNOW YOUR GAME!



THE MINUTE YOU FEARED I'D LEARNED THE TRUTH, ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS TRIED TO CRACK MY SKULL!



DURING THAT PLANE RIDE TODAY I SPOTTED A HANGAR AND LANDING FIELD BEHIND YOUR HOUSE--



PRETTY NEAT THE WAY YOUR "KIDNAPED" SON FLEW A PLANE WITH THAT SHEET OF CLOTH BEHIND IT ON WHICH YOUR SERVANT PROJECTED A FIGURE OF A BAT FROM THAT INFRA-RAY MACHINE IN YOUR LABORATORY!



YOU HAD YOUR SON "KIDNAPED" TO MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A BAT VICTIM--WHILE YOU TERRORIZED THE COUNTRY FOLK HERE-- THEN YOU COULD BUY UP THEIR LANDS FOR WHAT YOU WANTED TO PAY-- THE JIG IS UP--YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!





# ABDUL THE ARAB

THE  
MILITARY  
HEAD OF  
THE  
DISTRICT  
HAS  
CALLED  
IN ABDUL

ABDUL,  
I'M GLAD  
YOU  
COULD  
COME!

I AM AT  
YOUR SERVICE,  
CAPTAIN RIGGS...

WHAT  
IS THE  
TROUBLE,  
SIR?

THE RENEGADE  
ARAB BANDS  
FROM THE HILLS  
ARE CLOSING  
IN ON US..

..THEY THREATEN TO WIPE  
US OUT IF WE DO NOT  
VACATE THE FORT  
IMMEDIATELY....

HOW  
DO YOU  
KNOW  
THIS?

THIS NOTE!—IT  
WAS FOUND ON THE  
BODY OF ONE OF  
MY MEN... HE WAS  
MUTILATED BEYOND  
RECOGNITION...

*Captain— you an your  
men leave this section  
for good or you all  
suffer same fate!*

AREN'T YOU EQUIPPED  
TO FIGHT THEM TO A  
FINISH? THEIR OWN  
AMMUNITION SUPPLY CAN  
NOT BE SO BIG!

THAT'S JUST IT!—THEIR  
SUPPLIES SEEM TO BE  
INEXHAUSTABLE... AND  
IT'S SUCH A MYSTERY  
TO ME!

MY MEN REPORT THAT  
NO SUPPLIES HAVE GONE  
INTO THE HILLS FOR  
WEEKS...

ABDUL, I'M STAYING!!  
EVEN THOUGH IT DOES  
MEAN DEATH!

CAN  
YOU  
HELP  
US?

I'LL DO ALL  
I CAN, SIR!

OUTSIDE, ABDUL RELATES THE STORY TO HIS ALWAYS FAITHFUL SERVANT, HASSAN....

SO, THEY MUST HAVE VAST SUPPLIES STORED IN THE HILLS...

...AND TO BEAT THEM, WE MUST GET WITHIN THEIR RANKS AND DESTROY THAT RESERVE!

HOW? - IT IS DEATH TO TRY TO BREAK THROUGH THEIR LINES...

I HAVE A PLAN!

WE WILL GET A PLANE, AND TONIGHT WE WILL FLY OVER THE HILLS..

AND THAT NIGHT...

REMEMBER, HASSAN... YOU MUST GET THROUGH THEIR LINES AT ANY COST!

YES, ABDUL..

WE ARE OVER THE HILLS, HASSAN.. I'M LEAVING YOU!

ALLAH BE WITH YOU, ABDUL...

SO FAR SO GOOD !!

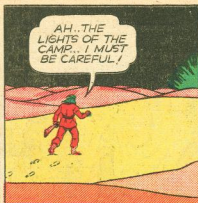
SLOWLY ABDUL GUIDES THE CHUTE TO THE GROUND...

MEANWHILE HASSAN HAS LANDED... HE QUIETLY CREEPS UP ON AN OUTPOST SENTRY...

BECAUSE IT MIGHT BE FOUND AND AROUSE SUSPICION, ABDUL BURIES THE PARACHUTE, AND STARTS FOR THE TRIBE'S VILLAGE...

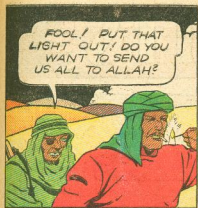
I HOPE YOUR CLOTHES FIT ME, DOG!





AS HASSAN IS MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS, HE IS SEEN BY ABDUL, WHO IS DISGUISED AS ONE OF THE TRIBE..

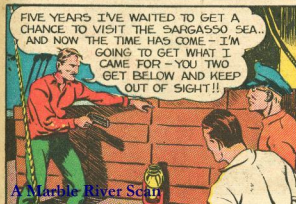
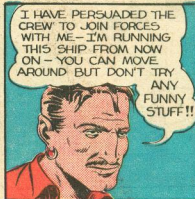
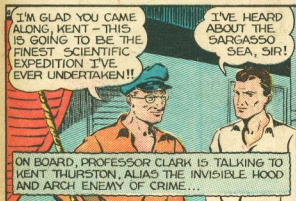
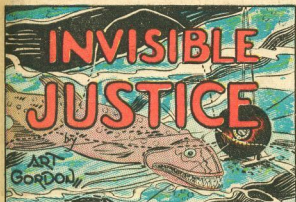




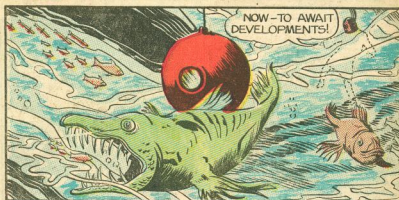


# SPORTRAITS













WHEW--!!  
THAT DID IT--  
IT'S  
DEAD!!



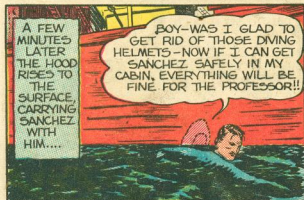
HE'S 'OUT' COMPLETELY--  
WHILE HE'S COMING  
TO, I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF THE  
TREASURE!



THERE!! NOW THE TREASURE  
IS SAFE BEHIND THIS ROCK  
AND NO ONE BUT MYSELF  
KNOWS WHERE IT'S HIDDEN!  
I'LL COME BACK FOR  
IT LATER!!

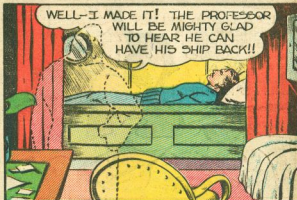
THE HOOD HACKS AT THE  
CREATURE UNTIL ITS TENACLES  
LOOSEN...

AS THE MONSTER FALLS DEAD,  
THE INVISIBLE HOOD FREES  
SANCHEZ...



A FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER  
THE HOOD  
RISES TO  
THE  
SURFACE,  
CARRYING  
SANCHEZ  
WITH  
HIM....

BOY--WAS I GLAD TO  
GET RID OF THOSE DIVING  
HELMETS--NOW IF I CAN GET  
SANCHEZ SAFELY IN MY  
CABIN, EVERYTHING WILL BE  
FINE FOR THE PROFESSOR!!



WELL--I MADE IT! THE PROFESSOR  
WILL BE MIGHTY GLAD  
TO HEAR HE CAN  
HAVE HIS SHIP BACK!!

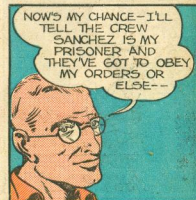


HMM--NOW I'LL  
SEE WHAT THE  
CREW'S DOING!!  
THEN I'LL CALL  
ON PROFESSOR  
CLARK!!



I HAVEN'T SEEN KENT  
ALL DAY--I WONDER  
WHERE... GREAT  
GUNS!!  
THERE'S  
SANCHEZ!!

AFTER THE HOOD LEAVES,  
PROFESSOR CLARK ENTERS  
THURSTON'S CABIN...



NOW'S MY CHANCE--I'LL  
TELL THE CREW  
SANCHEZ IS MY  
PRISONER AND  
THEY'VE GOT TO OBEY  
MY ORDERS OR  
ELSE--



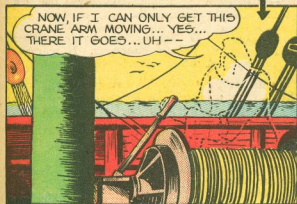
LISTEN MEN-- SANCHEZ IS DOWN IN THE BRIG  
IN IRONS-- WHEN WE GET BACK TO PORT  
HE'S GOING TO JAIL-- IF YOU KNOW  
WHAT'S GOOD FOR  
YOU, YOU'LL  
DO AS I  
SAY!!



DON'T BELIEVE HIM, MEN--  
HERE I AM!! NOW,  
PROFESSOR-- PUT UP  
THAT GUN!!

SUDDENLY SANCHEZ APPEARS  
IN THE DOORWAY...





# THE SEA BAT

By Robert M. Hyatt

From his single eye, Perry Scott looked out into a murky world and wondered, with a small shudder, if the same fate would overtake him that had snatched Johnson, Grimm and Lopez into eternity.

The greenish light slowly turned to deep violet, then black. Perry snapped on his searchlight. Its powerful beam cut through fifty fathoms of inky water, alive with strange sea creatures. Was it one of these—some terrible sea monster—that had taken the lives of three divers in a week?

The air intake whistled as the pumps forced their supply of life-giving oxygen into the heavy suit. It was bitter cold at this depth. How far down yet must he go to reach the wreck of the *Braden*? Would he find the bodies of the three missing men? The \$50,000 worth of pearls in the strongroom?

A soft ray told Perry he was on the bottom. The thousand pounds of lead at his feet made it impossible to walk, but the crane man on the deck far above could swing him in a hundred-foot arc.

"Ahead—easy," Perry ordered. It didn't do to be shifted too fast; you might crash into something.

Perry's light picked out the bulky lines of the *Braden* nearby and he ordered the change in direction. Five feet from the schooner's forecastle he said, "Hold it," into the transmitter. He worked the toggles of his mandibles—giant cutters that were manipulated by squeezing controls from within.

"Ahead—take it slow."

One side of the forecastle was blown out, evidence that there had been an explosion aboard the schooner. Lattimer, the crane man, lifted him into the shattered cabin. A huge rent went down the hull; it was ten feet wide. Perry was lowered gingerly. A fouled line meant death. And, too, there was something down here that murdered men. . . .

Perry gave his instructions, was inched farther into the hull. The beam of his light cut a roving finger through the murk. Farther in. He could make out the steel bulkhead behind which was located the strongroom—and \$50,000 worth of pearls. Twenty minutes with a torch—

"Lattimer! Lattimer—!" Perry screamed into the phone. Then the great black shape was upon him. It had come rushing at him out of the darkness—massive head with devilish green eyes spaced twenty inches apart; a body as big as a power launch.

"Lattimer—up!" Perry shrieked as the monster engulfed him in its mighty folds. The impact knocked him down. Great flipper-like wings slammed against him. Out of the single eye of his helmet he glimpsed an enormous mouth.

"Perry!" came the urgent voice of Lattimer. "What's up? Been ringing you—" The words suddenly died. Perry was bowled over. The phone had gone dead. The steady throb of the air pumps had ceased. That meant his line had been cut. Cut! He jerked the hand signal cable. Fouled!

The monster was mauling him, its four-foot jaws clamping down over his copper helmet. If its

enormous teeth happened to find a joint in the suit. . . .

"Lattimer!" Perry choked. The air was getting foul in his suit. Oxygen doesn't last in a dead area. He carried no emergency tank. His searchlight was out. It was pitch dark. His lungs were bursting.

Sparks shot before his eyes, and the dull roaring in his head ended in a violent explosion. Perry came to his senses on the after-deck of the boat. He was breathing blessed air.

"Boy!" said Lattimer, "that was a close one! Just got you up in time—you were out. Couldn't haul you from that depth too fast."

Perry forced a wry grin. "I'd rather have the bends than be in the clutches of—that!"

"What happened, son?"

Perry gave the crew a brief account of his adventure.

"Manta," said Olivas, the Mexican tender.

"Sea bat," Sanderson supplied. "Dirty customers. It got the other three."

"Well," Lattimer said, "that ends our little salvage party. No use tryin' to beat a manta."

Hackett, the other diver, shrugged his shoulders. "You took the words right outa my mouth, Lat," he said with finality.

They were ready to sail by three o'clock. Before they got under way, a yacht hove to a hundred yards away and a small boat put off.

A tow-headed youngster, tanned a deep russet by the Tahitian sun, climbed the ladder and grinned a greeting to Perry Scott.

"I'm Jimmy Christian," he said. "Heard you were working on the *Braden*. Suspected you'd have trouble."

"Yeah," Perry replied "Manta trouble."

Jimmy nodded. "They're bad in these waters. Kill a lot of divers. Well—I've got a proposition. Invented a device I'd like to try against the manta. Brought it along with me."

"You mean," said Perry, "you want a try at the wreck?"

"Sure," the tow-headed youth said. "If you say the word, I'll have my gear brought aboard."

"Go right ahead—but I think you're nuts!"

The gear covered much of the deck. Two strange looking diving suits; a huge steel mesh dome-like contraption. None of it, Perry thought, looked very formidable — not against a giant manta. He said so.

Jimmy grinned. "Maybe not. But I'll guarantee that nothing will swim very near it. . . . Like to go down with me?"

Young Scott was dubious, but the eyes of the crew were upon him. Hackett was grinning slyly.

"Okay," he said. "I'll get into my suit."

"Won't work," Jimmy told him. "Not insulated. I've got an extra for you. Take a look at it."

It looked no heavier than a coverall outfit; less substantial.

"New type of material I've developed," Jimmy explained. "Pressure from within does the trick."

Perry donned the suit feeling something like a fool. Then the copper helmet was screwed over his head. The new suit felt light, allowing freedom for the movement of both arms and legs. The pressure started coming in, filling the strange suit out until Perry knew he must resemble a giant roly-poly. Jimmy stepped into the diving bell through one of the several apertures in its wire sides, and Perry followed. Soon they were being lowered into the greenish depths.

Perry had several moments of regret for his hasty act. He could see Christian three feet away and wondered if they weren't both committing suicide.

"Comfortable?" Jimmy asked over the two-way phone.

"Yeah," Perry replied. "Say, these suits are heated, aren't they?" He felt no cold.

"Electrically," Jimmy told him.

Their weighted feet touched the bottom and Lattimer's voice came over the ship's phone: "Thirty-four fathoms. All well?"

Perry replied, giving instruc-

"Look," Jimmy said.

Several deep sea creatures hovered near the mesh dome. One was a twelve-foot shark. He was turning over for the strike.

"Quick!" shouted Perry. "That's a man-eater!"

"Watch!" Jimmy pressed a button in his hand. The shark leaped as if jerked by a cable. With a tremendous lunge he rose upward, then fell back, dead as the manta. The other creatures floated, belly up, nearby.

"My gosh!" cried Perry. "What do you do?"



tions for the crane's movements, and soon they were being eased into the hull of the wrecked *Braden*. A chill of fear shot up Perry's spine. What would happen? He didn't have to wait long. The great shape rushed out at them, but something checked his headlong dash ten feet from the bell. Their lights played over him, a monster of three thousand pounds. They saw him quiver convulsively. He flopped over, floundered in a violent shudder and sank.

"Dead as a mackerel!" cried Jimmy exultantly into his transmitter.

"Hey!" said Perry. "I don't get it."

"They got a hot bath of electrified water," Jimmy told him. "That's what this bell's for—electro-cutting mantas and things. Works all right, eh?"

"Boy, you've got something!" Perry marveled. "Shocked 'em to death! Well, now we're down here, we might as well get to work on that bulkhead—there's fifty grand in pearls inside. . . . I'll ring Lattimer to send down the torch."

Read **CHIEF JOHN'S LEGACY** in the June issue of **SMASH COMICS**—on sale April 19th.



# Interesting People

**A NEW TWIST!**

**CYCLING  
WITH STILTS!  
ITS  
CREATOR  
COLLECTS  
\$ 25  
PER  
DAY!**



**Carl  
Strauss**

**STILT WALKING  
SIGNMEN BECAME  
SO COMMON THAT  
THE GAME WAS  
RUINED... BUT CARL  
STRAUSS OF BERLIN,  
GERMANY, HAS  
GIVEN IT NEW  
LIFE WITH HIS  
NOVEL TRICYCLE...**

DOUBLE  
OR  
NOTHING

# JOHN LAW *Scientective*

ONE BY ONE, A GROUP OF 13 WEALTHY MEN HAVE BEEN MENACED WITH DEATH, RUIN, OR DISGRACE BY A MYSTERIOUS ENEMY... "THE AVENGER."

JOHN LAW, ...BRILLIANT CRIMINOLOGIST, LAWYER & SCIENTIST, HAS FOILED THE AVENGER SEVEN TIMES.

EVERYONE, EXCEPT LAW, IS SURE THAT ALBERT LEWIS, ONE OF THE GROUP OF 13, IS THE AVENGER!

AS THE STORY OPENS, THE AVENGER'S LATEST ATTEMPT SEEMS TO HAVE MISSED FIRE.

BY  
HARRY  
FRANCIS  
CHAMBER

GATES, THE MURDER OF THIS POOR FELLOW ENDED YOUR DANGER, IF I KNOW THE AVENGER!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO, LAW?

IN THE OFFICE OF ROGER GATES.

## Daily Clarion

### MISTAKEN IDENTITY EXPLAINS MYSTERY SLAYING OF CLERK

SMITH MISTAKEN  
FOR INVESTIGATOR  
ROGER G. GATES

VICTIM GATES

THE AVENGER'S "WACKY" MIND WORKS THAT WAY. HE'S KILLED SOMEBODY, AND THAT'LL SATISFY HIM FOR A TIME!

NOW HE'LL MOVE AGAINST HIS NEXT VICTIM!

I ONLY HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

LAW, ... CAN I BRING SUIT AGAINST LEWIS FOR THE DAMAGE HE'S DONE ME?

OF COURSE YOU CAN!

HOW ABOUT HANDLING THE CASE FOR ME?

I SUPPOSE I CAN, STILL THE WHOLE BUSINESS WORRIES ME!

I GET BURNED UP EVERY TIME I SEE THAT PICTURE OF THE SCOUNDREL!

LEWIS, EH? AND WHO ARE THE OTHERS IN THE GROUP?

LAW'S INTEREST IS FOCUSED ON A PHOTOGRAPH IN GATES' OFFICE

ROWAN, THE INVENTOR, MR CARTER, JUNE'S FATHER, AND MYSELF. TAKEN MANY YEARS AGO.

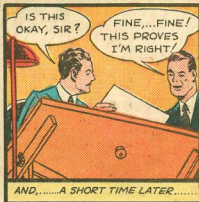
D'YOU MIND IF I TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT IT?



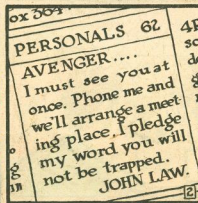
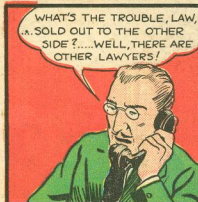
BACK IN LAW'S LABORATORY-OFFICE.



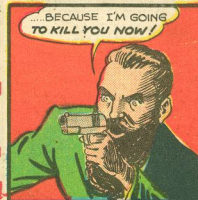
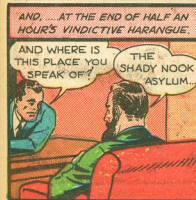
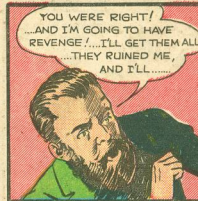
AND JUST FOUR HOURS LATER.....

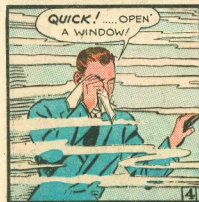
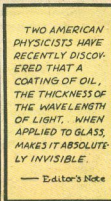
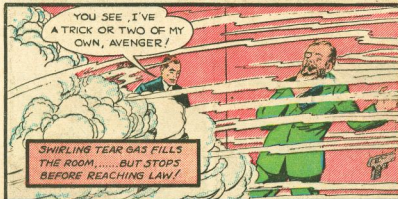


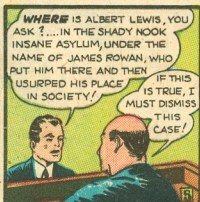
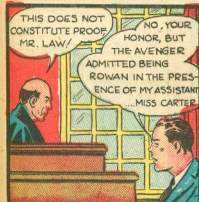
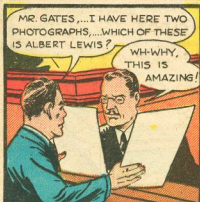
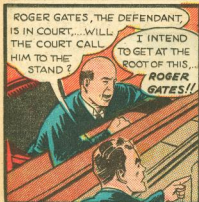
AND.....A SHORT TIME LATER.....







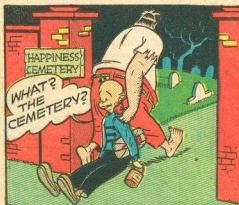
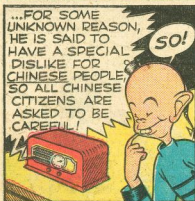


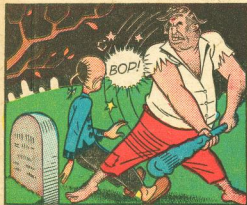




# WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE





SLOWLY WUN CLOO  
REGAINS  
CONSCIOUSNESS...

OH-HI!-HEAD FEEL  
LIKE TRIP THRU  
MEAT GRINDER-BUT  
NOW IS APE MAN'S

TURN TO BE  
ON RECEIVING  
END OF  
VIOLENCE!

I MUST HURRY BEFORE  
HE RETURNS-AH!-THIS  
BLACK PAINT I BOUGHT  
FOR MRS. SMALTZ IS  
COMING IN HANDY!



ONE OF MRS. SMALTZ'S  
SHEETS AND A LITTLE  
BLACK PAINT FOR EYES, AND  
WUN CLOO IS  
FINE GHOST!



AH! HERE  
HE COMES!



WHOOO! YOU'RE  
WALKING ON  
MY GRAVE!



OH! DEAR ME-I REALLY  
MUST LEAVE HERE  
HURRIEDLY BEFORE THAT  
AWFUL GHOST DOES ME  
INJURY!

-GILL  
FOX-



W-WHERE  
IS THAT GATE?  
OH-HH-THERE  
IT IS!-MERCY!



OOP!

SMACK!



AH, SO! PAINTED  
GATE TRICK  
WORK VERY WELL.  
I WILL NOW CALL  
POLICE!



SO YOU ACT WILD TO GET  
JOB IN CIRCUS-BUT WHY  
DO YOU  
HATE  
CHINESE  
PEOPLE  
?



OHH-B-BECAUSE  
WHENEVER I USED  
TO EAT CHICKEN  
CHOW MEIN IN  
CHINESE RESTAURANTS,  
I COULD NEVER  
FIND ANY CHICKEN IN  
IT!

# WINGS WENDALL

by-  
VERNON  
HENKEL



HEADQUARTERS OF U.S. ARMY  
INTELLIGENCE...WASHINGTON, D.C.

YOU SENT  
FOR ME,  
SIR?

YES...I HAVE  
AN URGENT  
MISSION FOR  
YOU, WENDALL!



...WE NEED AN AGENT TO  
INVESTIGATE FOREIGN  
ACTIVITIES IN SOUTH  
AMERICA!

SOUTH  
AMERICA?



YES... ACCORDING TO WORD  
FROM RIO DE JANEIRO, AN ALIEN  
GOVERNMENT HAS  
SET UP A HIDDEN AIR  
BASE SOMEWHERE  
ON THAT  
CONTINENT



..SOON CAPTAIN WENDALL  
SPEEDS SOUTHWARD IN AN  
UNMARKED ARMY PLANE..

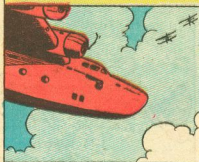


A FEW HOURS  
LATER....



THE PAN-AMERICAN  
CLIPPER! AND WHY  
ARE THOSE TWO  
PLANES FOLLOWING IT?

..SUDDENLY THE STRANGE PLANES  
ATTACK THE HUGH FLYING BOAT!



SO THAT'S THEIR GAME!  
WELL, I THINK MRS. WENDALL'S  
SON WILL HAVE SOME-  
THING TO SAY ABOUT  
THIS!



IN THE BIG CLIPPER'S CABIN....

WE CAN'T SURVIVE THIS ATTACK  
VERY LONG-KEEP CALLING  
FOR HELP!

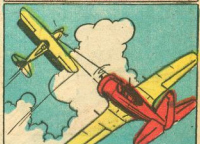


I'LL GIVE THOSE BABIES  
SOME OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!



AND NOW WINGS DIVES....

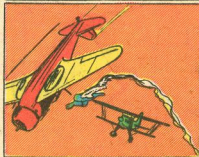
WENDALL'S DEADLY FIRE  
SOON FINISHES ONE OF THE  
ATTACKING PLANES...







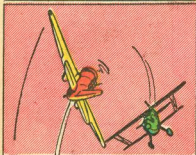
CIRCLING THE REMAINING PLANE  
WINGS AWAITS HIS CHANCE...



HMM..THIS GUY IS A SMART  
SMARTER FLIER THAN THE ONE  
I KNOCKED DOWN...  
HE'S ON **MY** TAIL  
NOW!



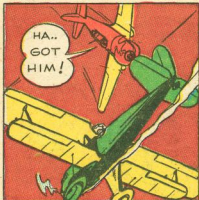
..BUT A SNAP ROLL PULLS  
WINGS OUT OF DANGER...



WELL,I'LL NAIL  
HIM THIS  
TIME!



HA..  
GOT  
HIM!



THAT'S DONE...  
NOW ON TO RIO  
DE JANEIRO!



MEANWHILE...AT RIO DE  
JANEIRO CURIOUS THROGS  
MEET THE BULLET-SCARRED  
CLIPPER SHIP...



ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD  
A SILENT FIGURE LOOKS ON...



DON, INQUIRE NEAR THE CLIPPER  
ABOUT THEIR TROUBLE WHEN  
THEY GOT THOSE BULLET  
HOLES...I'LL BE AT PIERRO'S!



WINGS ALSO LANDS AT RIO...

FUNNY ABOUT THOSE  
TWO PLANES...WHERE  
DID THEY COME FROM?



WINGS RUSHES TO THE  
BATTERED CLIPPER...



QUICK! TO THE  
HOSPITAL!



LATER...IN THE VICTIMS ROOM...

CAPTAIN BREWSTER, DO  
YOU KNOW WHY THE  
CLIPPER WAS ATTACKED?



YES..I CARRY AN IMPORTANT  
MESSAGE TO THE  
BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT!



BUT JUST THEN...

WOULD YOU KINDLY STEP  
OUTSIDE A MOMENT, SIR?



NOW..I'LL SHUT THIS  
FOOL'S MOUTH...  
FOREVER!



OH! CAPTAIN BREWSTER  
IS DEAD!



AS WINGS RUSHES  
INTO THE ROOM THE  
FAKE "DOCTOR"  
SLUGS HIM....



QUICK! TAKE HIM  
TO PIERRO'S!



A PRIVATE ROOM AT PIERRO'S..  
AND HIDE-OUT OF A SPY RING...

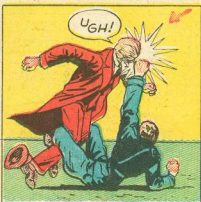
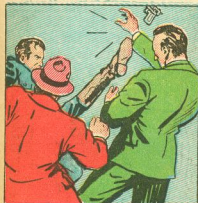


I'LL ASK  
THE  
QUESTIONS!

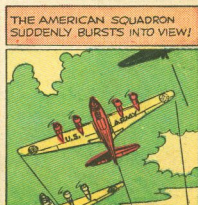
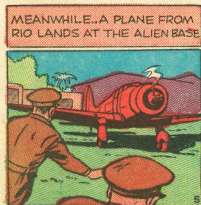
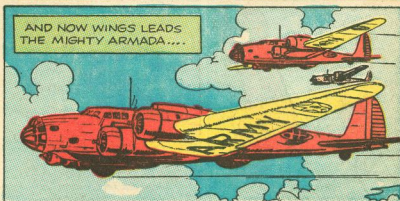


WHO ARE YOU...WHAT DO  
YOU KNOW OF CAPTAIN  
BREWSTER?



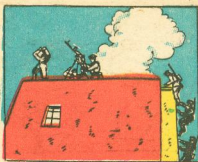






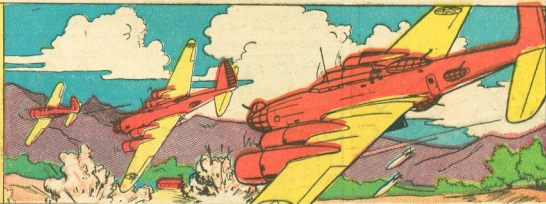


LEADING THE FLIGHT, WINGS  
BARKS AN ORDER...

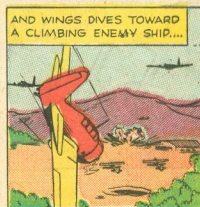


THE ALIEN GUNNERS LEAD  
TO THEIR STATIONS...

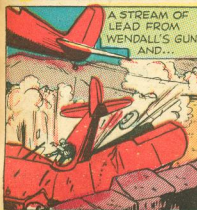
UNCLE  
SAM'S  
WAR  
EAGLES  
SWOOP  
OUT  
OF THE  
SKY  
AND THEIR  
BOMBS  
MAKE A  
SHAMBLES  
OF THE  
ALIEN  
CAMP..



SO...THEY'RE SENDING  
THEIR PURSUIT SHIPS' UP  
AFTER US...I'LL JUST  
GIVE 'EM A LITTLE  
WELCOME!



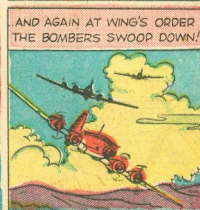
AND WINGS DIVES TOWARD  
A CLIMBING ENEMY SHIP...



A STREAM OF  
LEAD FROM  
WENDALL'S GUN  
AND...



ALL CLEAR, FLIGHT...  
COME IN AGAIN!



AND AGAIN AT WING'S ORDER  
THE BOMBERS SWOOP DOWN!



BLAST AFTER BLAST NOW  
RIPS APART THE ALIEN AIR-  
DROME...

AND FROM THE SMOKING RUINS  
THE LEADER STUMBLES TO  
HIS PLANE...



...HE IS SOON  
CLIMBING FAST  
INTO THE  
SKY...

WINGS SEES THE ATTEMPTED  
GETAWAY.... HE AGAIN  
BARKS AN ORDER...

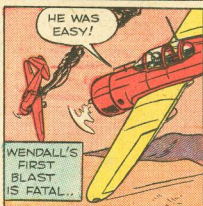


FLIGHT WILL COMPLETE  
DESTRUCTION OF BASE. THEN  
JOIN ME AT LIMA... I'LL  
ATTEND TO FLEEING  
PLANE!



N-NO! DON'T  
SHOOT! DON'T...

THE FOREIGN LEADER COWERS  
IN FEAR AT WINGS' APPROACH...



HE WAS  
EASY!

WENDALL'S  
FIRST  
BLAST  
IS FATAL..



I GUESS THAT CLEANS  
UP OUR SOUTH  
AMERICAN MENACE!



LATER... WASHINGTON, D.C.

WOW! I'M SURE GLAD TO BE  
BACK IN THE U.S.A.!



NICE WORK, WENDALL.. YOU  
WERE THE ONLY MAN WHO  
COULD HAVE DONE IT LIKE  
THAT!



TOO BAD WE  
CAN'T GIVE  
YOU CREDIT  
PUBLICLY!

WELL THAT  
WAS **ONE**  
"GOOD WILL"  
FLIGHT THAT  
WAS WORTH  
WHILE!



WATCH FOR THE FIRST ISSUE OF

# CRACK COMICS

Featuring The Clock, The Black Condor, Jane Arden, The Red Torpedo, Molly The Model, The Space Legion, Ned Brant, Alias The Spider, Madam Fatal, Slap Happy Pappy, Lee Preston, Off The Record, Wizard Wells, Rube Goldberg's Side Show, Screen Snapshots and They're Still Talking.

**CRACK COMICS** will be the most exciting comic magazine now on the newsstands. Buy the May issue from your regular dealer the last week in March.

## THE TALE OF THE TROUBLED TWINS

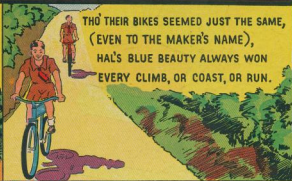


HAL AND AL WERE TWINS ALIKE;  
EACH RECEIVED A BRAND-NEW BIKE.  
ONE WAS RED AND ONE WAS BLUE.  
HOW THEY SHOUTED! WOULDN'T YOU?



AL WAS VERY MYSTIFIED,  
'TILL AT LAST, BY CHANCE, HE SPIED  
ON HAL'S BIKE A MORROW BRAKE  
(HIS WAS OF A DIFFERENT MAKE!)

"NOW," SAID AL, THE SLEUTH, "I SEE,  
WHY YOU ALWAYS WIN FROM ME!  
MORROW BRAKES ARE PLENTY SLICK  
LET'S GO TRADE IN THIS ONE QUICK!"



THO' THEIR BIKES SEEMED JUST THE SAME,  
(EVEN TO THE MAKER'S NAME),  
HAL'S BLUE BEAUTY ALWAYS WON  
EVERY CLIMB, OR COAST, OR RUN.



AL WENT TO THE CYCLE SHOP  
WITH HIS BIKE AND MADE A SWAP.  
BUT NOW EACH RACE ENDS NECK-AND-NECK—  
NEITHER WINS!....NOW AIN'T THAT HECK?

### BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping, easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION, Bendix Aviation Corp., Dept. 277, Elmira, N. Y.

# THE Tootsie Roll of HONOR

Put yourself in these pictures—Open to Everybody

**MOST POPULAR GIRL IN  
HER CLASS—**



Eats 3 Tootsie Rolls a day

**SLUGGING OUTFIELDER  
OF HIS SCHOOL NINE**



A five-Tootsie man

**SHE'S HER CITY'S JUNIOR  
DIVING-CHAMP**



Eats Tootsies regularly

**HAS EATEN TOOTSIES ALL  
HIS LIFE**



Picked for the All-American  
backfield this year



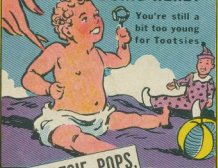
Just get wise to how  
good Tootsies are!

**SOMEDAY HE'LL RUN IN  
THE OLYMPICS**



Eats Tootsies before every race he runs

**HEY! WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?**



You're still a  
bit too young  
for Tootsies

**WINS SCHOOL  
HONORS  
EVERY YEAR**



Sure she's bright—she  
eats Tootsies regularly!

**AND  
HERE'S TOOTSIE  
ITSELF!**

Now enriched with  
**DEXTROSE—**

**FOR QUICK FOOD  
ENERGY!**

**TRY TOOTSIE POPS,  
TOO!—8 Grand flavors**



**E**AT lots of Tootsie Rolls regularly!  
They're soft, rich and chewy, with  
the most delicious chocolate flavor  
ever. That's why one and one half  
million Tootsie Rolls are bought daily.  
Buy some today!



**1¢ AND 5¢**

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